

Poor Robin's Dream, commonly call'd, Poor Charity.

I know no reason but this harmless Riddle,
May as well be Printed as Sung to a Fiddle.
To a compleat Tune, known by Musicians and many others, or, Game at Cards.



How now good fellow, what all a mozt
I pray thee tell me what is the news
Trading is dead, and I am sorry for't.
which makes me look worse than I use; (penny
If a man hath no employment whereby to get a
he hath no enjoyment if that he wanteth mony.
And charity is not used by many.

I have nothing to spend nor I've nothing to lend,
I've nothing to do, I tarry at home,
Sitting in my chair, drawing near to the fire,
I fell asleep like an idle drone,
And as I slept I fell into a dream,
I saw a Play acted without e're a team,
But I could not tell what the Play did mean.

Yet afterwards I did perceive,
and something more did understand,
The Stage was the world wherein we live,
the Actors they were all man kinde, (king
When the Play is ended, the Stage down they'l
When there will be no difference in this thing
Between a Beggar and a king.

The first that acted I protest,
was Time with a Glass and a staffe in his hand
The Globe of the world upon his breast,
to shew he could the same command,
There's a time for to work, and a time for to play
A time for to borrow, and a time for to pay,
And a time that calls us all away.

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Conscience in order takes his place
and very gallantly plates his part,
He fears not to spee in a Rulers face
a lthough it cuts him to the heart,
He told them all this is the latter age,
Which put the Actors into such a Rage,
That they kickt poore Conscience from the stage.

Plain dealing presently appears
in habitt like a simple man,
The Actors at him mocks and jers
pointing their fingers as they ran
How came this fellow into our company?
Away with him many a gallant did cry,
For plain dealing will a beggar dye.

Disimulation mounted the stage,
but he was cloathed in gallant attire,
He was acquainted with youth and age,
many his company did desire,
They did entertain him in their very bzeast,
Where he could ha be harbour and quietly rest.
For dissemblers and turn-coats fares the best.

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Then cometh in poore Charity,
methinks he looked wondrous old.
She quivered and quak't most piteously,
it grieved me to think she was grown so cold,
She had ben itt' City and in the Country,
Likewise amongst the Lawyers and the Nobility
But there was no room for poore Charity.

Then comes in Truth not cloathed in swol,
but like youth in his white Lawn sleeves
He sales the Land is full, full, full,
too full of Rebels worse than theebes. (p212)
The City's full of poverty, the French are full of
Phanaticks full of envy, that order can't abide,
And the Glarers bags are full beside.

Hark how Bellonia's drums do beat,
methinks it goes rattling through the town,
Hark how it thunders through the street
as if it would shake the Chimney's down,
Then comes in Mars the great God of war
And bids us face about, and be as we were,
And when I awakt I sat in my Chair. Fin